It is strange in Elsinore Since the day King Hamlet died,

All the bearty sports of yors,
Rieder and akate, are laid saide;
Stilled the ancient mirth that rang.
Busherous, down the fire-lit halls;
They have quite forgot to hans.
Christman holly on the walls.
Chantins lets the mead still flow.
For the bine-eyed thanes that love it;
Rit they bend their brows above it,
And forever, to and from mura go:
"It is strange in Riedere"
hince the day King Hamlet died."

And a swarm of courtiers fit.

Now in sinabed and satured trim.

With their trashly habitoned wit.

And their littleness of limb—

Pit shout the stairways wide.

Till the pais Prince Hamlet smiles.

As we walks, at twitcht tide.

Through the galieries and the sistes.

Por to him the castle seems—
This old castle, Kishore—
This old castle, Kishore—
Land the limit up it was not more;
And the courtiers seek—the more;
And the courtiers seek—the this of the painted butterfises;
And the arraw, wrought with fights,
Orows alive before his eyes.
Let its cinnt shapes of D nes,
As without a wind it waves,
Live more noby than his thines,
Sullon carpors, ale-fed slaves.

Sulin carpers, ale-ted slaves.

In the flickering of the fires.
Through his sleep a hight there pass
Gay concelts and young desires.
Fragments of the action and slave.
Fragments of the action and slave.
Fragments of the action and slave.
Foreign the control of the action and slave.
Foreign the captulines are produced from the captulines.
Then he latens often times.
With his beyineds simple give.
To that mighty hand he clims.
Leading on his fatter's know.
To that mighty hand he clims.
Touler love that shern face charms;
All at once the casement rings.
As with a studier and a start.
All the fires are embers red.
And a weight is on his heart.

And a weight is on his near.

Obtistmas eve draws hither soon;
It is strange in Elssinore.
Underneailt the tey moon,
Footstep par the lev thour.
Footstep par the lev thour.
Footstep par the lev thour.
Footstep par the level footstep the kern;
And the levelm, once kert as sierk,
Sinks and whimpers and grows less.
And the very sentinels,
Timorous un their lonesome round.
Barting, count the swinging leis.
Starting at the hel ow sound;
And the pine trees clashe and coar,
Timugh the snow would seep them still.
In the state three's somewhat the

From the Independent.

Prom the Independent.

O Nightingale!
Then be'er canst fail
To charm the anguste of my leart and brain
With the bounding song divine.
And its aswest retrain:
For the noise ever flow—
None are the thine—
Sa clear, rich, soil, and low,
Meandering through my very sonl,
While mixin's mayes that inward roll
O'er Time's dark, troubled sea,
Bring tresh life and light to me—
E en to me!

O Nightingale!

Even to me!

O Nightingsle!
Little's weblight pale
Soon darken who was to three
Soon darken who was to the soon darken was to the wicked's not.
And break the wicked's not.
Then, Bird's amaritate, to soothe and heal.
Toy heaven's charty reveal.
To one storm to seed at sea.
Bringing life and gift to incKen to me!

O Nichtingsle!

Wen to me!

O Nightingale!
The basiny gole
1s awe: tand free,
With angel-music inden. Though sweet here,
sweeter for the source of Hearten,
When, near and dear.
The true shall know as they are known,
And fore the given
To hearts our very own—
Love, as commanded by our Lord,
Full, perfect, parts in thought and word;
For homore change, or was, small be,
There, where light awaiteth me—
Yea, even out
Aspan w Jayna Symbother

Fancy's Chances.

From Horper's Napagion. Come, brothers, but useing a dirge-A dirge for now find chances dead; In grief your mounts of access intege-Sing, sing the girls we might have wed

Sweet lips were those we never pressed In love that never lost the dow In sunlight of a love confessed— Kind were the girls we never knew.

Sing low, sing low, while in the glow Of lancy's hear those forms we trace, Hovering around the years that go-Those years our rives can be'er replace.

Sweet line are those that never turn A cruel word: dear eyes that lead The heart on in a bittue concern. White hand of her we did not wed.

Pair hair or dark, that falls along A form that never shrinks with time— Bright inace of a realm of song Standing bessie our years of prime.

When you shall go, then may we know. The heart is dead, the man is old. Lite can no other charm bestion. When girls we might have leved turn cold.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Mary lind a William geat, And he was black as jet; He followed Mary 'round all day, And liked her! you just bet!

He waited just outside the door Till Whackein did appear.

He went with her to school one day, The teacher kicked him out. It made the children grin, you know, To have the goat about.

Then William ran to meet the man-

And met him just be ind, you know, Down just below the yest.

Old Whackem turned a somersault.

And Mary laughed herself so sick size had to go to bed.

From the St. Louis Republican.

From the St. Louis Republican.

In draw, or not to draw, that is the question. Whether its safer in the player to take. The await risk of skinning for a straight, Or, standing to a straight, Or, standing to a straight, And thus, by bailing; get it. To draw—to skin: No niore—and by that skin to get a cit. Or two pair, or the fattest bounce kinas. That luck is held to—this a consummation. Devoutly to be visible. To dray, the skin is the same that the skin is the same that the skin is the same three what cards may come when we have so the same three what cards may come when we have shoulded off the uncertain pack, Mastrive us pause. There is the respect Which makes calamity of a lobot tailed flush. For who would bear the overwhelming blind, This reckless stradied, the wait on the edge. This inso ence of pat hands, and the litts. That, a then ment of the bliffer takes. When he himself much the much better off By simply passing? What would trays up hold, And go out on a small progressive raise. But that the dread of something alter call. The undiscovered ace full, to whose strength Such hands we know not off This bliffling both make cowards of us all. And these trays the not ask hand carsad club, And speculators in a lack hort's wealth, With this regard, their interest turn awyy, And lose the right to open.

The Imaginings of a Great Editor.

From the Chicago Tribine. Law burned the fire, the room was dim. We heard the warning ches, strike ten And by the mounting to wang dim. Know parting time had come again.

"I had a dream last night," I said, "The tell it to you ere i go.
I thought, my dear your inter hear was lying on my shoulder—so!

"'Tis time to go," I said, " and you-you kissed me twice upon the check Now tell me, love, if dreams come in Most archif did my darling speak!

Mendow Quakers. From Harper's Young Folia

In the early autumn
come the Misakow Quaker's
No. the Shakers, not the Shakers—
No. the Shakers, not the Shakers—
No. the Misakow Come.
These quiet hitle people
stand afraight as a church steeple,
And he one ever saw them come.
Or ever saw them go.
What their hads said broad brimmed,
Limb with pale will broad brimmed.
Limb with pale will broad brimmed.
On You have always often said in a

to them dewarraps often stating— Yes, yes, yes, to butterfly goes to ar them, yet must be of hams to their them, yet want you will to guess. I want you will to guess.

But though old Whackem kicked him out.

Rose HAWTHORNE LATEROP

ABDELW JAMES STRINGTON.

Nallie G. Cone.

DUM FIFIMUS FIFAMUS.

Mr. Dontgivadam at Delmonico's, When THE SUN'S reporter entered Delmonico's café the other evening, Mr. Daniel Dontgivadam and a young man were sitting at a table in conversation. The reporter approached them, and at the solicitation of his friend, with whom he stopped to exchange greetings, scated himself at the table. Turning to the young man, Mr. Doutgivadam said:

Sir, my friend. The Sun's reporter," The young man bowed with case and indifference, and taking from the pocket of his waist-coat a visiting eard, handed it to the newcomer. "The old man is very weak on names," he
id: "will you absorb something?"

The reporter mentioned what his would be and then scrutinized the card. "Mr. Robert Budge" was the name he read, and down in the corner was, "- Beacon street," It was without doubt a case of escaped Bostonian. The reporter looked at him with becoming reverence, wondering if he rend the Islad be-fore breakfast and sharpened his razor in broken Chaldee.

"Is this, sir, your first visit to New York?" he inquired.

Well, no. bless your kind heart, I should say not. was the reply. "I come down once a month regularly, and irregularly whenever the mood strikes me, or I have anything to do here. Boston's a good place, but it isn't heaven, or even Paris, and it bores you to stay there." You have, then, no business ties which con-

fine you?" "Not a tie. At the office they don't like to have me around, and the fact is, I am so wonderfully ignorant of the state of trade that I don't like to be seen there myself. So I busy

and when I am not, my man looks after them and they are just as well off."

Mr. Budge looked around with a somewhat exasperated expression as he said this, but seeing the beverages appearing in the distance, he seemed mollifled. The waiter performed his function, and Mr. Budge remunerated him. Mr. Donteivadam sat back in his chair with his hands in his pockets, looking down with an ex-

myself with the animals when I am at home

pression of deep thought. A clear lay on the table before him, but it was not lighted. "Well. Stick-in-the-Mud." said Mr. Budge, disrespectfully, "are you going to be one of us, or will you continue to prefer the sweet companionship of your vagrant fancies? That's the way with him always," he continued to the reporter. "He is of no mortal use to the rest of his species, unless you take him, metaphorically speaking, by the scruff of the neck, and shake him up. If I didn't come down here at periodical intervals and force myself to assoeigte with him. I believe he would sit around for weeks together, with his legs crossed and his hands in his lap, and never stir except to go te his meals, to go to bed, and to walk out a few blocks in the afternoon for exercise. I think he is the most useless devil of a man I ever saw. He might have a horse if he chose and ride but no! no prefers to toddle around on foot and save his money. What he does with that is a mystery, too." At this denunciation Mr. Dont givadam looked up.

Robert," he said, "it would become you greatly if, instead of trying to remove such splinters as seem to you to impair my vision, you should busy yourself with getting your own eyes clear of lumber. You know nothing about me, kobert, nor do I believe you ever wiil. Your mind is not calculated to grasp the subject. You remind me of that efficious person who endeavored to bring to a sense of worth-leseness the late Mr Prescott of Boston, who at the time was employing his spars, moments in producing the Conquest of Mexice. Robert, you make too much by appearances."

"Well odd man retorted Mr. Budge, "you know you don't do anything. It's absurd for yen to deny it."

It's nothing of the sort," was the reply. Don't you know that I cat three meals every day of my life?

"Why, certainly, but that isn't anything."

"You wouldn't call my temper bad, would you?" No not very." splinters as seem to you to impair my vision,

You wouldn't call my temper bad, would for?

"No, not very."

"Tast indicates that I direct what I eat. Now, do I appear to you to be a man who suffers from the reproaches of his conscience? Do I, for example, perretually try to stupely myself with rain and tobacco, as you do?

"You are getting personal now, but never mind. I mass it over from you. No, you don't seem like a man who is trying to escape from pimess!."

Well, now, what else do you know about me?"

Well, now, what case do you know about me?"

"I know you have got enough money to live on without doing a stroke of work; that you wear clean shirts and tolerably good clothes; that you actear about noon every day and seem to be at leisure and on demand until about midnight; that you seem tolerably contented and disinctined to bother; and every afternoon you go out for a walk. And beyond that, I admit that I know nothing about you."

Bobert, you know enough to know better, My excellent friend here, the emissary of Tig. BUN, will support me when I say that for a grown man, occupation, steady and to some extent engrissing, is so requisite to comfortable and describiving that when we observe a man and decent living that when we observe a man whose life is tolerably contented and decent we may assume that, even though he assume uterly idle, he really has something to do, and does it. A man who has a mind must either use it or be used by it. Provided he has a respectable degree of health, all the food he takes beyond what gree of health, all the food he takes beyond what is sufficient to keep him alive is turned to energy, which must have an outiet; and if it does not find something else to act upon, it in-oritably reacts upon its owner, making him so excessively uncomfortable that he is driven either to work in desperation at the first thing that turns up, or to become a bookworm, and eventually misanthropic, dyspeptic, and useless; or else he takes to rum, tobacco, and devitry, and goes to the bad. That is the way it works upon a tolerably elever map. Stupid beopic, I believe, can just eat and live, sleek and comfortable, without being bothered with thoughts or misdirected onergy."

and comfortable, without being bothered with thoughts or misdirected onergy."
Here Mr. Donigivadam stopped abort and looked around him. Mr. Budge and The Sun's reporter were silent and their glasses were empty. Turning to his friend Mr. Budge recalled the observation, now become historical, of the Governor of North Carolina to his brother dignitary of the adjoining State. Mr. Dontzivadam recognized an emergency and inquired of his companions if they knew the virtues of rum and ginger ale. Mr. Budge knew them well. The Sun's reporter did not, but had no false pride about learning a new thing if it was good. Accordingly, at the philosopher's instigation the waiter brought three but had no laise pride about learning a new thing if it was good. Accordingly, at the phil-osopher's instigation the waiter brought three bettles of Beliast ginger ale, one of old Jamalon rum, some broken ice, and a supply of those large crackers traditionally esteemed of pilots. "This," said Mr. Dontgivadam, "really looks like conversation. This combination of the warm and sparkling with the potent and spir-linglish not to be supposed by any negar than

warm and sparkling with the potent and spiritual is not to be surpassed by any neetar that I know of. It is a good clean drink that leaves behind it benevolence in the mind, and in the mouth an agreeable flavor.

As he spoke he put les into a glass, poured out a moderate quantity of rum, and flied it up with ginger ale. The glorious result he handed to This Suy's reporter, and repeated the process for his own benefit. Mr. Budge took care of himself. He got a deep glass and emptled into it an entire bottle of ginger ale; then put in his ice and filled it up with rum. The last ingredient staid near the surfare, and the first puil Mr. Budge took was almost exchainvely rum. He complained of the violence of his beverage, but continued to environ it, and to bear rike a min, until he got near the bottom of the glass and found the ginger ale in its original purity. Then he was obliged to make another addition of rum.

Mr. Doodgivadam watched him attentively.

Mr. Dontgivadam watched him attentively.
Mr. Dontgivadam watched him attentively.
If you do a thing right, Robert," he said,
"it is only by a chance. You ought to have a
nurse."

sume that they had money. Some of them were conversing loudly about stocks, some were telling stories, some talking politics, and many had just come in from the theatres, and were talking about the play. Almost all of them were talking about the play. Almost all of them were talking about the play. Almost all of them were animated in their manner, and sustained an appearance at least of eager interest. The SUN'S reporter had a personal acquaintance with some of these gentlemen, and knew many oftiers by sight and reputation. A number of individuals he pointed out to Mr. Budge, telling him their names, how much they were worth, and what—if anything—they did for a living. Some of the wealthiest and most prominent young men of New York were there present, but instead of profiting by the chance to acquaint himself with their physiognomies, Mr. Bulge appeared bored by the spectacle, and, to the surprise of The Sun's reporter and the great amusement of Mr. Dontgivadam, expressed the opinion that most of these persons "locked like damn fools."

"I should think," said he, "that they would get so tired of themselves and their biasted little ways and doings and sports that they would go out and hang themselves wou or three times a week. They just sit around and hold each other up and shine in each other's eyes all their bleased lives. If there is one thing that tires me more than another, it is a young New Yorker who has picked up the bulk of what he knows it all, and is a finished man of the world. He thinks he lives. Really, he just manages to exist by going through the motions of his figure." At this Mr. Budge, in the bitterness of his fiscontent with the motropolitan young men, instinctively stretched out his hand for the rum.

"If there is one thing," said Mr. Dontgivadem, "which more than another affords me

is discontent with the metropolitan young men, instinctively stretched out his hand for the run.

"If there is one thing," said Mr. Dontgivalem, "which more than another affords me entertainment, it is to hear the pot call the kettle black. Now you, Robert, are a man with a good definite purpose; are you not? And know just what you want to do, and how you are going to do it? You fairly surprise me sometimes, you are so practical."

You may jite if you want to, "said the young Bostonian" but really, what in the name of goodness would you do if you were I?"

"I should do want I wanted to."

Well, what is going to make me want to do anything in particular? I can be idle if I choose; what inducement is there to toil?"

Just now you found fault with men because you said they didn't half live. You cannot more than half live if you are lazy. The meat of life is protected by a shell, that every man has got to crack before he gets at the kernel inside; and I think it is safe to assume that the sweeter the kernel the harder the shell. Agreat many ucopie content themselves with scratching around the outside of the rind; but some are not content unless they make a strike for life's true inwardness. I knew a man once who expressed himself on this subject somewhat as follows. Here I am, said he, dumped down here to live. I didn't get myself into this scrape; I don't consider it my funeral at all. But I've got to stay; and though I don't ike it much so far as I have got, if there is anything here that suits me I am going to get it before I loave. This is no place for loafing. Robert, as the fly said who was caught in the web and saw the solder coming. You are in the game; your eards have been dealt to you, and you had better pick them up and play them yourself. Lookers-on may see the game, but they miss the fun. You may win; you may loss. Don't fret about that, but—play."

The philosopher sighed and finished his drink.

"You haven't given me an answer," said Mr. Budge.

The philosopher signed an answer," said Mr. drink.

"You haven't given me an answer," said Mr. Budge.

"You asked me a conundrum," was the reply, and it is always more polite to give coundrums up. It you want them answered you must make them easier. Let us hence,"

FUGITIVE FANCLES.

The Ideal.

In mid-ocean sails a vessel With a colden (reightage laden: Poems set to matchless measures, And a most delightful maiden.

But upon its spotless pennant Is this sad inscription, " Sever;" And though countless ports it passes, It sails on forever, ever !

A Patr.

All silent her needle and thread; On the tips of her delicate fingers She musingly poses her head, And thinks of the days that are dead

She's with her first fond lover now. By the in on varia-had river she lingers.

And listens again to his vow;

See! puty steals over her brow!

But let not that my heart melt Into tears for his sake, my dear madam; He dealt with you just as you dealt,

For a Cynte.

Near a dark and stagment pool Where the air is deathly cool, There his cuffin he wn shall be

Stokes and Brards shall surround His foul, weed-encompassed mound,

And a shaft of greenish tint, Chisciled from the hardest flint,

Shall above that mound appear.

What is the soal, my learned love? Indeed, I cannot say. Perhaps 'tis like a tragment of The distant Milky Way.

Or sweetly scented air. The nale beam of the Northern moon. Or breath of virgin fair.

But what is it! Alas, my dear, I am not over wise; f cannot make the matter clear As your pellucit eyes

But many a grave philosopher. Filling his solemn scroll With dusty lore of vanished years. Says that the soul 's-the soul

On the Causes of Diphtheria.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: As inderstand that the Committee on Hygiene of the Medical Society of the County of New York are investigating the diseases caused by street dirt and gutter fith, and have called or will soon call upon all of the 800 members of that old and powerful society to aid them in their labors. I venture in all modesty and sincerity

to add my little quota.

As you well know, I have been a practising physician for fully forty years, but you may not be aware that I have been acquainted with diphtheria since the year 1846, when I reported a case to the New York Pathological Society. It strue that I had been preceded in 1845 by Drs. Willard Parker, Gustavus A. Sabine, and Thomas Von Markoe. It is probable that we have always had diphtheria among us. have always had diphtheria among us, for it is now well known that many cases of membranous croup are really diphtherite croup. Both croup and diphtheria are more common in the cold months and exposure to cold or raw and wet weather have much to do with their origin. True croup arises generally from exposure to pure cold air, while diphtheria and diphtheritic croup, when they are not propagated by infection or contagion, usually are caused by contact with impure and foul cold, raw air. Sawer cas is one of the best known and most common causes of diphtheria, but we must not forget the large quantities of gutter filth and streat dirt which are washed down into our sewers from our very dirty streets by every rain storm. If the exhalations from the sewers will cause "If you do n thing right, Robert," he said, "It is only by a chance. You ought to have a nurse,"

"True, too true!" exclaimed Mr. Burge, "True, too true!" exclaimed Mr. Burge, and do it right but you never do a thing twice in the same way. You ought to know that he rum goes in first. What is the matter with you. Robert anyway?"

"Sir," said Mr. Burge, "I do not know. Your sincere admirer is—as Mr. Lincoln said of the Washington Monument, somewhat off has base." Mr. Burge is made had and it another cigarette.

Mr. Dongradam locked at him a moment with a sort of meiancholy interest; then he said. I believe Robert Burge, that had and its another cigarette.

Mr. Dongradam locked at him a moment with a sort of meiancholy interest; then he said. I believe Robert Burge, that you have him which you have built up year by year, and on which the Grim Destroyer is to put the last briek."

"Justent" said Mr. Burge, much pleased.

"And the base of the monument being alias about the size off. Now its your chance: Go right on."

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"But instead of going on, the philosopher broke off a but of cracker which he slowly committee squantiering the appropriation on rum."

"On man," said Mr. Burge, much pleased.

"And the base of the monument being alias about the size off. Now its your chance: Go right on."

"But instead of going on, the philosopher broke off a but of cracker which he slowly conditions for marks upon his own recourses began to look about nim, and make remarks upon his make hand of the sum of the same and and the these come from the severs and gutters are quality dangerous which they would only the conditions of

INDIAN JIM'S HUNTING EXPLOITS.

Eighty Tears Old, but Unimpaired in Vigor-Methods that Exterminate the Deer. SALAMANCA, N. Y., Nov. 18 .- There are still left among the Senson Indians living on the Cataraugus reservation a few of the Indian hunters who were famous sixty years ago, when much of this part of New York State and nearly all of northern Pennsylvania was still had penetrated. The areas of McKean, Potter, Forest, and Elk counties, in Pennsylvania, are still mostly unbroken woods but the driller after oil has made his way pretty generally into the wilderness of McKean. The other counties are but sparsely settled, and have not changed materially in physical appearance since the days when the Indian hunter camped on their streams. Potter county is one of the few counties in the eastern portion of the Union within whose boundaries no railroad has yet been constructed. In the forests of these wild Pennsyl vania counties the old Indian hunters still spend all their time during the hunting season, and hundreds of deer and bear, and hosts of fur-bearing animals, annually yield to their skill with the rifle and the trap. Jim Jacobs, a full-blooded Seneca of the pur-est Indian type, is one of these relies of a past

era. He is 80 years of age, but as erect as a

pine and as strong and active as a buck. His eyes are as keen as a hawk's. There is no tresnor in his hand as he holds his rife at arm's length. He dresses in a semi-barbaric costume, made by himself. A tight-fitting pair of buck-skin trousers, tied with thongs at the feet, encase his sinewy legs. His feet are covered with strong moccasins of the same material. Agreen worsted blouse is drawn over two gay-colored vests, which are so short that the yellow buck-skin shirt beneath them is visible in the space between them and the top of the trousers. The latter are supported by a buckskin thong fied about the waist. Long, coarse hair, as black as night, falls all about the face of the hunter from under a greasy, slouched hat. He is six feet tall, and is a bundle of bone and sinew.

It is the custom of this old hunter, as well as with the other survivors of the class to which he belongs, to visit the forests of Pennsylvania in September. He roams over all his favorite hunting grounds, noting where the signs of deer and bear, and of otter, mink, and foxes are most prevalent, This occupies him five or six weeks. Then he returns to the reservation, fits himself out with such supplies as he needs, and, by the time that the first snow of the sonson may naturally be expected, goes back to the forest and remains until spring. The supplies he takes with him are ammunition and traps, he does not weight himself down in the least with provision of any kind, unless it may be with a small bas of corn to parch, but his pipe and tobacco are important items in his outifit. He relies entirely upon his gun and traps to keep his irrder supplied. He rarely takes a dog with him into the woods. Although ther lances with him enough to bear that would carry him within a few miles of many of his resorts, he never takes advantage of them. He strikes at once into the forcet, and follows the trails well known to him, when the snow the same had been built up around them. The habits of the deer pare when the snow the harders had been built up ar Senecas brought in 300 deer they had slaugh-tered in that way.

Jim Jacob's hunting territory covers an area of more than two hundred miles. His traps are set from the headwaters of the Alleghenv to the sources of the Susquehauna branches. He will come out of the woods in the spring loaded down with furs. Several trips to and from his cabins will be necessary to bring his season's catch all out, if his usual luck has attended him.

THE MAST OF "OLD IRONSIDES,"

And the Way in which it Came to Give a Name

MAST HOPE, Pike County, Pa., Nov. 18 .-'Be I able to tell you what they call this place Mast Hope fur? Well, I think I be. Leastways, I kin git pooly nigh to safe shootin' distance o

A little railroad depot, a large, once pretentious but now badly disapidated, hotel, and a lager beer saloon form the village of Mast Hope. It was years ago the terminus of a busy turnpike road connecting the interior of Wayne County with the railroad. The turnpike long since fell into disuse. Trout fishermen, hunters, and candidates now furnish all the busipess activity there is to the place. The centre

ers, and candidates now furnish all the business activity there is to the place. The centre of that activity is the lager beer saloon. An aged dweller in the woods back of Mast Hope sat on a deer's carcass that lay on the depot platform the other day. He had brought it in for shipment on the cars. It was in reply to a question for information regarding the origin of the odd name of Mast Hope that he spoke.

"There's a tract o' land in the north part o' this township," he said, "or what passes fur land, but the man that buys it fur land will helt to dig down pooty deep to git to it, which was took up by Sim. and Frank Westfail of Deckertown, down in Jersey, in 1798, I think. They was pertickler smart lumbermen, and had a Government contract that year to git out all of timber fur vessels. One thing the contract called fur was a white pine stick, eightly foot long and ten inches through the butt. That stick was to be the mainmast o' one o' the vessels. The Westfalls hunted from one end o' the river to t'other to find a stick that 'd fill the bill. Couldn't find hide nor hair o' none. This was disappointin', fur they was to haul in an even hunderd dollars from the United States Treasury fur that kind of a stick. One day they was sooutin' around these parts. There wa'n't abar nigher than Milford, if there wa'n't a bar nigher than Milford, if there wa'n't a bar nigher than Milford, if there was one there. Our gran fathers' days is all nice to rend about and sing about, but they wouldn't ha

ben a kag o' beer in the township, and there wa'n't a bar nigher than Milford, if there was one there. Our gran'fathers' days is all nice to read about and sing about, but they wouldn' ha' ben no big heap o' satisfaction fur me in liven' in the days when you had to waik thirty mile to git a chance to be asked whether you'd put a little suthin under your shirt.

"Well, them Westfalls got their eyes on a piece o' pine woods on the ridge up yunder, and struck a tree that was nigher to the thing they wanied than any they'd seen.

Here's our last mast hope,' said they. But the tree was too short by quite a bit. As good inck would have it, one o' the brothers thought that mebbe there was a tap root to the tree. He dug down, and found that the tree run plumb ten foot down into the earth as straight as a gun bar'l. That satiled it. They sawed the pine off ten foot under the ground, and had their mast. They naked it into the Delaware at the foot o' Big Eddy, and run it to Philadelfy. They got their hunderd dollars; but that an't the pootiest share o' the story. The stick was made the mainmast o' the frighte Constitution, which was old Ironsides, and carried the American flag in all them rip-tearin' lights in the war o' 1812.

"So when the Frie Rairroad was put through, this corner o' Pike County thought it had a chance to put on airs. This here town was built, and they give it the name o' Mast Hope, because o' the luck the Westfalls had, and to kinder celebrate the carryin' of a piece o' Pike County timber by Old Ironsides into the thick-cet o' the fun in 1812."

Washing Feet Kellglously.

Washing Feet Religiously.

The fall love feast of the Dunkards was held

Throwing Vitriol Into a Girl's Pace,

nose, inroat, and windpipe, ome from the streets, gutters, s. and that ordinary catarrial verted into maignant, putrid, heritic diseases if exposure to deed, County Medical Society,

POETRY OF THE PERIOD. From Scribner's Monthly.

SIMON CAMERON, PRINTER. The Old Stalwart Tells the Story of his Youth. From the Proof Sheet. PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 26, 1880.

My DEAR SIR: Some months ago I saw a MY DEAR SIR: Some months ago I saw a fac simile of your indentures to the printing business in the office of my friend, Major Lane 8. Hart, the State Printer, at Harrisburg, and solicited a copy of it, which he kindly gave me. I desire to write an article for the Proof Sheef to be entitled "Simon Cameron, Printer," and

I desire to write an article for the Proof Sheet, to be entitled "Simon Cameron, Printer," and confined to your career as such. You will remember, sir, that that is the only title Franklin claimed in his will. As an illustration for the proposed article we have had made a reduced photo-electrotype of the face simile given me by Major Hart, of which I enclose a proof.

I doubt not that all printers who receive the Proof Sheet will be interested in the fac simile of your indentures, and I shall be glad to be able to make the accompanying remarks equally acceptable to them. My old master, Mr. T. K. Collins, used frequently to speak of having worked on the double-pull Rannage press with you at Gales & Seaton's, and he often added, "Cameron was a good printer, and a mighty clever fellow."

I take the liberty of writing to inquire if what I propose doing would be in any way distasteful to you. If so, it will not be done; if not, I shall be greatly obliged if you can, without much trouble, furnish me any items that may be properly used in the article, or direct me to any trustworthy account of your printer life. Very respectfully, your obsedient servant.

Harnishurg, April 28, 1880.

Harmishura, April 28, 1880.

Dean Sir: Your letter of the 26th inst., enclosing the photo-electrotype of my indentures, came duly to hand, and I am much obliged to you for it, and for the interest that inspired the friendly words of your note. I very willingly comply with your request for some memoranda of that portion of my life when I worked at my trade.

you for it, and for the interest that inspired the friendly words of your note. Ivery willingly comply with your request for some memoranda of that portion of my life when I worked at my trade.

I was bound an apprentice to the printer's trade, as the indentures show, at the town of Northumberland, Pa., on May 14, 1816. One year after this my master, Andrew Kennedy, gave up his business, and I was forced to look out for another piace. Coming to Harrisburg in search of employment, I engaged with Mr. James Peacock, proprietor and editor of the Harrisburg Republican, and also Public Printer, to serve with him the remainder of my apprenticeship, to wit: three years. That Idd. To fully learn the business, it was then considered essential to master the working of the press. Oid printers will understand, better than those of this are of steam, the severity of this part of the trade, even to young men of a robust physical edicacy of constitution, I was aimost killed by this exacting labor. That part of the business which I could do without this extreme labor, the type setting, &c., was always pleasant to me, for it gave me all the opportunity a lean purse then permitted to secure the rudiments of education. Indeed, this was why I chose that trade.

After serving the term of my apprenticeship with Mr. Peacock, I worked journeywork with him. Considering Washington the centre and focus of political effort and information, and being at an early are attracted to politics, I determined to try my chance for work where I could see the leading men and study the current of politics at the capital, Geing there, I found employment in the office of Gales & Seaton, publishers of the National Intelligencer. Here I worked, as did all other journeymen, for sale, and the martisburg Republican—on which I served the greater part of my apprenticeship with Carles of the part in the end of the part of the printer. And the martisburg was prentiled to my first look back on the lifty or sixty workmen in that printing hours, and then at cover wo

SIMON CAMERON. Printer.

CURIOUS IDOL WORSHIP IN CHINA The Peculiar Ceremonial by which Evil Spirite are Cast Out. From the Orlegial Empire.

Hangchow, Aug. 29.—A curious display of idel worship is being nightly enacted not far from this city. It is not easy to determine to what seet it belongs, for, though held in a Taoist temple, no priest of either that or any other takes part in the ceremony. It is entirely carried out by the people themselves, and being in the seventh moon, when the names of the departed receive so much attention from their living relations, it may be correct to consider it a part of ancestral worship. At the beginning of the moon proclamations were posted all over the city announcing the commencement of this strange ceremony, and calling on the people to come up and pay their taxes or duties to Yuh-whang Shung-ti, "lord of the world and savior of men." as they do to their earthly Emperor. Each night, from the lat to the 15th of the seventh moon, this parody on royalty is carried out, and delegates from various districts bring strings of paper spee, which is weighed with the greatest care as if it were real sliver, entered in the account books of an official, and at the proper time in the ceremony is sent up to the spirits, through fire. as if it were real sliver, entered in the account books of an official, and at the proper time in the ceremony is sent up to the spirits, through fire. An idea of the quantity of paper money consumed may be formed from the price received for the ashes, which realizes a total for this haif month at 16 cash an oz. of not less than \$30.

The real business of the evening commences atter dusk: The procession, which goes out of the village in order to return escorting the spirit of the Emperor, begins to form. Each man carries a lantern, with the name of his district or society painted on it. The main temple and all the lesser ones are brilliantly lighted up with rows of lanterns of red clot, and some place large reflectors behind candles, the effect of which is very pleasing. Theatreal dresses of the most correctual in groups; bors dressed in red cloth and gold lined hats, men bearing swords, spears, and battle axes, and bands of musicians go to make up this unique procession. The centre of all is the Emperor's chair, carried by twelve bearers, containing his tablet; a man on each side, carrying large

mair, carried by twelve bearers, containing large mblet; a man on each side, carrying large white feather fans, shield it from the public gaze, but waving to and fro as if fanning a white feather fans, shield it from the public gaze, but waving to and fro as if fanning a living person.

After a long interval, the big drum gave forth a booming sound, and the great idol Yuhwhang Shung-ti, wearing a most gorgeous dress, appeared and was placed on a raised platform under a rich canopy. All immediately fell prostrate on the ground, and for a while silence reigned supreme; bresently the master of ceremonies took his place, and the bearers of ceremonies took his place, and the bearers of cards of those gods who, by their rank, are allowed to pay their respects to his Majesty (as officials are with the real Emperor) began to arrive. A few feet from the throne they kneit and respectfully presented their card, which was received by an official, who announced, in a loud voice, the name and rank of the sender, the court musicians playing on their instruments on the arrival of each fresh card, of which, that night, there were forty-eight.

A few devout worshippers were allowed to prostrate themselves in the royal presence, and toward midnight his Majesty proceeded to judge the evil spirits.

The Chinese consider all mad persons pos-

prostrate themselves in the royal presence, and toward midnight his Majesty proceeded to judge the evil spirits.

The Chinese consider all mad persons possessed by a demon, and their friends, in the hope that this will be cast out by the ordeal through which they liave to pass at this court, gladly send them there, each patient paying \$55. These unfortunates are looked up in the helf before mentioned as they arrive—sufficient in itself to almost upset the baiance of a sound mind. An official approaches and reverently asks for the keys. The request is granted, and runners ordered to bring one of the evil spirits to be judged. They rush off with a vell to obey this order, and presently they are to be seen at the far end burrying along one of these unfortunate people. In the midst of frightful yells, the flames of the immense pile of paper money making the whole court as light as day, this poor wretch is brought into his Majesty's presence. He was a tall, powerful man, his face paic though passive; but if his acts gave any clus to the state of his mind he was the only sensible person there, for he refused to knowl. The runners threw themselves upon him with fierce energy to force him to know, but he was strong enough to realst them ali, and after a fraidess struggles he was hustle out of this brilliant seens, and again thrust into the dark infernal regions. Another was brought forth to recreate thim, and he was obliged to look on while it received the punishment.

Shouting 132 Regs of Powder.

A Practical Questies. Darkly the humorist Muses on late;

Subject for merriment Sombre and grim;

BEARS IN PENNSYLVANIA. An Old Hunter's Description of Some of Their Pocularities.

From the Philadelphia Ledger and Tran

There are still extensive forests of beech and oak in the counties of Wayne, Pike, and Mooree, in Pennsyivania, and in the adjacent counties of Sullivan and Deliware, in New York, with vast areas of outlying swimm land york with vast areas of outlying swimm land you with the fering distance of the Eric Railway, but even at this late day the black bear makes in them its favorite breeding and feeding haunts, aimost as freely and in nearly as large numbers as it did before civilization had made any advance in the region.

From an old bear hunter of Pike County it was learned that there are more signs of bears this fall than have been known for years. Along the said that have been known for years. Along of soft, black mud. These swamps are, many of them, almost inaccessible to man, and the bears make them their places of refuge. If bears are plenty the mud along the edges, at this time of year, will be broken up, as if cows had been walking and stamping in it. At intervals, also, the mud will be hollowed out in spots eight or ten leet long, two or three wide, and two feet deep. If great patches of scrub certain indication that bears have been "working" there. They have been out feeding on the acorus. They rise upon their haunches among the scrub, and with their fore paws beat the bushes violently. Bears are very fond of crickets, slugs, and bugs of all kinds, and they know that their favorite inseets make her house he would, to accept the fall under stones on the ground. Consequently, they select spots there may be a consequent to the fall under stones on the ground. Consequently, they select spots the house to refuse the house the rest of the contents, are favorite moresis with the black bear. If a bear sees a yellow jacket or a hornet working in the woods, he acts like a crazy thing until he finds the hole the one enters or the tree or rock to which the nest of the other is fastened. He praces and dances around through the woods, he acts like a crazy thing until he finds the hole the one is selected with the feed

times be dense or stamps on the imb until the next is shaken off. If the next is on a rock, the Then be gathers large stones and pieces of wood and rolls them down the side of the rock wood and rolls them down the side of the rock until one strikes the next and could it multiple the theory of the bear, when they state of the bear, which is a caused their rair, and not one of them deserts the fallen next, but all seem to wait for the state of the bear, when they state of the bear, which is a caused their rair, and not one of them deserts the fallen next, but all seem to wait for their rair, and one horner it knock a built down, but their pick would read the state of the bear, which is a built down, but their pick would read the state of the bear, which is a built down, but their pick would read the state of the bear, which is a built down, but their pick would read the state of the bear with the bornets jest as if he was booth with some short, and the was booth with some short, he was booth with some short, he had been short, as if he wanded to show the hornets how so dishit care no more for earn than as if it was not one her or earn than all though the street of the state of the sta

curve in its upper course as has commonly been assigned to it by cartographers. He is able, however, to affirm positively that such a curved line does not exist in the 170 miles which he has lately explored. At the end of his letter he announces his intention of reaching Alashan about Sept. I.

From the St. James's Gazette.

Promite St. Jame's Guiztle

Col. Prejevalsky's letters give an interesting picture of the privations he and his companions had to undergo in the course of their traveis through some of the least known and most inhospitable portions of Central Asia.

One of the party, Lieutenant Jegorof, narrowly escaped with his life during their sojourn in Tsaidam, a lowland district lying on the northeastern confines of Thibet. He had gone out shooting in the Pan-Shan Mountains and lost his way, and the evening being frosty and his coat a light blouse, he had kept on walking, and thus unwittingly strayed a good distance from camp. He had no provisions with him, his boots were in a very had condition, and in this pinght he passed four days and four nights, the thermometer at the camp registering twenty degrees of frost each night, and his sole means of subsistence being the leaves of the meadeinal rhubarb plant, which has its native habitat in this remote region. When his companions fell in with him his face was almost black and unrecognizable, and he himself on the point of starvation.

Preveysisky was turned back on his way to the Tibesan capital at Nak-chu or Nab-chu, a vilage on the carayan route to Lhaza, and distant

Trepevalsky was turned back on his way to the Tibotan capital at Nak-chu or Nab-chu, a viliage on the caravan route to Lhasa, and distant therefrom about 180 miles. The Thibetans were firmly persuaded that the Russian travellers had come to kidnap the Grand Lama, and a thousand soldiers had turned out to bur their progress. Their return journey led them over regions between fourteen and fifteen thousand feet in height, and the difficulties encountered through want of food and excessive cold were extremely trying. Out of thirty-four camels twenty died, and the travellers all suffered in health till they reached the milder climate of Tsandam. Prejevalsky has thus failed in one important object of his journey, but the scientific results of his investigations are very important. He has traversed the Gool Pesert, and explored the eastern Tran-Shan Mountains, as well as a large portion of the northeastern plateau of Thibet and the lawlands abutting thereon on the north. Throughout these travels he has taken a large number of observations and secured plentiful collections which will reveal the geography and natural his proving the part of what has hitherto been unknown land.

An Enraged Boar Attacks the Prince do

They colebrated the least of all lubert spation of binds mean-the other day at channing the Duc a Alemaia a place. This is a very section after. They go not the chape, and bear the mass of at lubert before they be not kill. The Dake has had the trand blue Vindining for his guist. It was old times revived, and old a very magnificant scale. The Dake led his imperial goest the fount, then brought him home and feasted him on his

HOW LONG WILL THE BUN LAST? Professor C. A. Young Gives his Views on the

From the Popular Science Monthly.

Prefessor C. A. Young Gives his Views on the Fature of the Universe.

From the Popular Science Homble.

How is the heat of the sun maintained? How long has it insted aircady? How long will it continue? Are there any signs of increase or of diminution? After affirming that, in the present state of science, only somewhat varies and unant ainsted of science, only somewhat varies and unant ainsted of science, only somewhat varies and unant ainsted through all the enturies of the solid heat, amazing as it is, appears to have gone on unchanced through all the enturies of human history. The author thinks that there is some truth in each of the two theories which have been proposed to account for the sun's fire.

As to the first, the impact of meteorie matter, it is quite certain that solar heat is thus produced by the control of the two theories which have been proposed to account for the sun's fire.

As to the first, the impact of meteorie matter, it is quite certain that solar heat is thus produced by any great proportion of the whole. After giving Sir William Thompson's calculation of the amount of heat which would be produced by each of the planets falling into the sun from its present orbit, by which it appears that Juniter would maintain the sun's present expenditure of energy for 32.25 years, and Mercury for Six years and 219 days, and that the collapse of all the planets upon the sun would generate sufficient heat to maintain its supply for nearly 46,000 years; and after estimating that matter equal to only about one-hundredth part of the mass of the earth, falling annually upon the solar surface, would maintain its radiation indefinitely, Prof. Young thinks it improbable, from astronomical reasons, that any such quantity of matter can be supposed to reach the sun. So large a quantity of matter would necessitate a vasity greater quantity circulating around the son, between it and the planet Mercury. But if there were bear the sun meteoric matter equaling, for example, to make the planet Mercury.

Astronomers,

LIFE IN THE ANIMAL WORLD.

this said that their aim is as sections that they can bring down an theset from the height of three of our rest above the water.

A strange kitten was given a home on the steamship lilinois, which was then in her dock in Philadelphia. When the steamer list Liverpool recently for home, it was found that the kitten had been left beland. The captain and sailors were much grieved, because they never expected to see her sgain. When the British from Liverpool, arrived in Philadelphia, the first lines senger to creep ashore who is the most and began to race senger to creep ashore who is the most and began to race and the decks, showing his every way her dumb maters are also the decks, showing his every way her dumb maters would allow the loy that was in her heart at getting back to her old home.

Raiph was a raven belonging to the Red Lion Ira, Hungerford. A Newtonidiand log that had receit ed severe british out the loy that was a slilly visited by Kalph, the strategies ought him bones and attended him with particular markor kindhess. One night, by accudent, the stable door had been shut, and Raiph had been deprived of his morning, the door so pecked away that, had it not been opened, in another hour Raiph would have made his own entrance. The lamilord not only confirmed the houter's secount, but mentioned many other acts of kindness shown by this ford to all does in general, but more particularly to mained or wounded ones.

FASHION NOTES.

Bonnet strings are inimensely wide. Ulsters of seal are shown by furriers. Beaded bounet crowns are all the rage Leopari with are sorn by young lades.
Phish theorygrow thore and more popular.
Old-fashiohed mins tail sarques are revived.
Seatskin sarques remain the popular in wrap. Quilled eatin mufs edged with far will be used. White tailets are in best taste for evening dress. Far collars and capes have taken the place of boas. Russian and Laplanit furs are to be worn this winter Silver and blue fox are emong the favorile fancy fore Heavy satin de Lyon is the best material for a fur-ned circular. A handsome "millinery set" consists of a bonnet and

Long gloves, reaching above the cibew, are deriquese, oth short sleeves. With anortherers.

Hungarian plush is the name given to that with the ourgest rubbed pile.

Hlack for and black Russian Lars polerines and collars.

The Oles is a presty new most of plack or sik or sain

The Princess sacque form for children's dresses re-urains the preferred style.

The fashionable seliskin sacque is shorter by two

Large fur relegiors, overing the shoulders and reaching almost to the waist, have been revived. The Albanias a long cleak with delican electes, actic for back, so as to give a narrow effect in the back.

if reason by a and Arica chinchilla remain the fashion and turs for young ladies and misses in their terms.

New English driving coats, with expension hoods, are time, lower, comfortable garments, intended to take the place of ulsters and waterproofs. place of uniters and waterproofs.

The Frong Ludio Jayrand for December, with handsome Christmas part, supplicantary characle and Juvenile tableaux for Christmas, is list out.

The "American (rock," is the two jits dress of little London girls, this a con-piece gardent in suches style, trimined to simulate a kirl said and is said.

trimmed to simulate a his sairt and lacked.

The "Mother Binhard" is a new English cleak, much starred about the new borx, and fould, and with oblow slowers, assessment, the sairt bonz plain, and cleak.

Cheular for conditions a continue to reque, but are not in astight subnon, as the mounting to reque, but are not in astight subnon, as the mounting waters such under the new fames of the Mandaria, Richelberg, Mother Binblard, Lahars, Kanah, and Medica.

Artificial flower mount of corations in the form of rare leaf plaints forms, and there is, placed in principles, but also have been also b

Furniture tidge are things of fine art at the present time. Firey are deals, eaten tides and have sent to pined with said as ted dealers, entirely and the pine and tides, and trimined with tideous large, but a

Shooting 130 kegs of Powder.

Shooting 130 kegs of Powder.

Enough the farmed selected the colors of his featment the Frince of Journal of his featment the frince of Journal of the farmed and inside selected the colors of his featment the frince of Journal of the farmed and inside selected the colors of the featment of the colors of the featment of the farmed and inside selected in the colors of the featment of the colors of the colors of the colors of the featment of the colors of the c

From the London World. The grand hunting has begun in Franco.